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Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

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Greeting.

The SCHOLASTIC has taken its "little go" of two weeks, and now appears again as bright and cheerful as in term-time, although the College halls deserted no longer resound with the joyful voice of youth, and the iron steps leading to the class rooms clatter no longer under the high-heeled boots of ambitious students. One reason of our perennial cheerfulness is that we feel we live in the memory of those who have left us, and who have been anxiously looking for this number of the SCHOLASTIC. Could we be otherwise than cheerful as we write these lines and collect "copy" for the SCHOLASTIC, when we know that many will call us to mind as they glance over the items and long articles of this number? Another cause of our not giving way to melancholy in our comparative solitude is the reception of letters from those now enjoying the comforts of the paternal roof after their ten months' stay within College walls. The letters are all full of good humor, happy reminiscences, and cordial invitations. We wish we could accept all the invitations—we could make a pretty complete "Guide Book" of the United States if we were to accept them and keep a journal of our journeyings and sojournings.

We take off our hat and make our best bow, expressing our thanks for all letters received.

Some—nay, all—may wish to know how the old College stands it this warm weather.

Well, take it all in all—pretty well. In the first place, however, the recreation grounds do look desolate—the many acres that used to be dotted over by groups and individual students now lie silent, basking in the sun. The base-ball grounds, with the well-worn "run" to first-base, have the appearance of young Sahara deserts with diminutive oases here and there where the grass has not been entirely worn away. Stevie and Dennis and a few other base-ballists, who still remain to keep alive the traditions of the yard, had a game on the 5th—but since then the grounds are "to let," and the shady banks of the lake, and, at times, the lake itself, are the resorts of the languid vacationers during the sultry days of the last two weeks. On the other hand the teachers from the outside schools have arrived, and though these grave and decorous men do not make the noise in the world that the same number of college students would, yet they put life in the old College, and their cheerful countenances are seen where erstwhile we saw the familiar faces of the Professors, who are now "on the travel." That is an expression we heard to-day—not from a Professor though.

The new church, too, keeps life around the College. The walls are slowly going up, and the hum of labor and the cry of "Mort." are heard, as you sit on the front porch of the College and chat with anyone who can keep awake in the hot July afternoon.

The SCHOLASTIC will greet all its friends sometime next August. We hope by that time to hear from all the Editors of the "Trumpet" and of the "Standard." *Au revoir.*

The Latest Persecution.

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT AND THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

On the 27th of December, three hundred and thirty-two years ago, the Sovereign Pontiff of the period set forth a bull commencing with the words "*Regimini militantis Ecclesie.*" It was the formal recognition by Pope Paul III of the little company of illustrious friends whom Ignatius of Loyola had been gathering around him from that memorable eve of the Annunciation in 1523, when the proud warrior of Pampeluna, now footsore and penitent, climbed the solitary hill of Montserrat, and came to pray before her statue in the famous shrine of the Virgin that meets the traveller about half way up the steep ascent. This recognition of the Holy Father was the accomplishment of all the longings of Ignatius. Some seventeen years before, in the cavern of Manresa, on the picturesque banks of the Cardeneras, in Catalonia, he had forecast the formation of his Company, and was vouchsafed some prophetic glimpses of the great things it was destined to accomplish. It was just about the time that Luther had vowed his hostility to the ministry he had profaned, and at the Diet of Worms had inaugurated his impious warfare against its existence. In the little Company which Paul III had blessed and sanctioned, were Ignatius and Francis Xavier, Laynez and Bobadilla, Salmeron and Peter Faber, Le Jay, and Simon Rodriguez, men of noble birth, and nobler souls—ready for any work that tended "to the greater glory of God" (the watchword of their alliance) and the good of the Christian Commonwealth. They were the first fathers of the Society of Jesus, and in their lives as in their deaths were glorious models for those who were to follow them in the Order. No thought of self ever mingled with their sense of duty and obedience, and the first principle of the Society is to sacrifice every consideration to their loyalty to the Holy See, and to the vindication of its privileges and prerogatives. Therefore it is, that from the very day of its formation the Society of Jesuits has been confronted with the bitter hostility of the infidelity, the Protestantism, and the lukewarm, not to call it treasonable, Catholicity of the world. The followers of Ignatius have been inflexible in their fidelity, and indomitable in their outspoken devotedness to the successors of the Fisherman. This has been and is to-day its title to the unrelenting hatred of open foes and false-hearted friends. For this it has suffered, for this it has been persecuted, for this it has been hunted from country to country, until at last it seemed as if, like Him whose name it had taken, it had scarcely a place throughout the universe wherein to fix its home. But yet with all that it has had to endure, the Society has lived on in the Catholic heart of Christendom, and has been cherished as one of the brightest glories of the Catholic Church. Nor is it any wonder that it should be: where is it that the Order of the Jesuits has not left the impress of its noble energy and magnificent exertions? In India, the name of Xavier is a sanctified reminiscence. In Paraguay,

the Jesuits built up one of the most flourishing of the American States. In Europe, the fruits of their labors are scattered through nearly all its libraries, and the greatest of its scholars for the last three hundred years have been pupils in its schools. But this has not availed to save them from the tyranny of anti-Catholic legislation, and from the remorseless malignity of Judases to the faith the Jesuits have so splendidly championed. Hence it was that two centuries ago Pascal and the Jansenists, that Voltaire and the Encyclopædists a century later, shrieked out so loudly for the downfall of the Jesuits, and shrank from no infamy to accomplish their desires. We know how unsuccessful that unholy effort proved, and history has unfolded to us the sad disasters which the persecution of the Jesuits towards the close of the eighteenth century preceded and presaged for France. Their mournful effects are felt in that unhappy land to-day. With the history of the Order before us now, and with the memory of recent doings in Germany fresh upon our minds, it can scarcely take us by surprise to find that Bismarck is plotting the expulsion of the Jesuits from the German Empire. The subject was before his parliament in Berlin the other day, and that is simply the preliminary to the decree of their expatriation. It was admitted that the number of petitions in favor of the retention of the Order was vastly in excess of those which asked for their expulsion. It was stated in the discussion, and was not contradicted, "that the greater part of the petitions against the Jesuits were signed by Protestants, and from places that have never seen a living Jesuit within their walls." But all was in vain to appeal to a parliament whose servile majority is wont to submit in trepidation and contemptible cowardice to the will of Prince Bismarck.

It trampled under foot the manly remonstrances of the Catholic representatives and the petitions of nearly fourteen millions of Catholic subjects praying for the preservation of an order that had wrought such splendid service to their Church. The debate concluded with the adoption, by an almost exclusively Protestant and Jewish majority, of the following resolution, "The German Imperial Parliament refers to the Chancellor of the German Empire, the inclosed petitions praying for and protesting against the expulsion of the Jesuits. The German Imperial Parliament requests the Chancellor of the German Empire to take measures—firstly, that peace and concord between the various churches and denominations be preserved in the Empire, that the members of the various churches and denominations enjoy an equality of rights, and the subject be protected against undue arrogance and coercion on the part of the clergy; and, secondly, that a bill be introduced on the strength of the introductory paragraph, as well as clause IV, *alinea* 13 and 16 of the Constitution of the Empire, which shall regulate the position of all religious orders, congregations and societies, decide whether they shall be admitted, and on what terms, and enact adequate penalties should they imperil public order and safety, special regard being had in all this to the action of the Order of

the Jesuits." Need we venture a prediction as to the decision which such a referee as Bismarck in such a case is almost certain to pronounce? Whatever it may be, the illustrious Order is sure to be prepared for it.—*Nation*.

Simple Simon.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: Simon must excuse me for observing that he still says "wig-wag." He represents Horace as not saying that all, but as only saying that some, of the Latin authors dared to desert the Greek footsteps. Simon is wrong, as a reference to Horace's text will show.

In one thing Simon is right. My last criticism inclined to personal severity. I desire to give Simon his due. It is wrong to scold and call names. But it is not me who twists words and suppresses contexts. Those are parts of the Simonian tactics. Superficiality is his "*corpal blade*" on which he leans in "uffish thought"!

For one thing, also, I tender Simon my thanks. His last article brings into one view—or rather enables me to bring into one view—the different judgments formed of the comparative merits of the Latin and Greek languages by authors of different nationalities.

The judgment of Macaulay is substantially with Horace, that the Greek carefulness of metre was followed by the Latins. But, loosely examined, Macaulay appears to say that the Latins borrowed their language from the Greeks, which to one acquainted with both the languages is simply, if not Simple Simonly, absurd. This appearance of saying what he does not mean is purposed and artful. It is the duty of Protestant English authors of all grades to disparage Rome and her language. Macaulay's own performance in his translation of the *Lays of Rome* is his own rebuke. But he was making his translation for all the world—his preface, on the other hand, was his apology to the British public. In his preface he was of the same spirit with those unhappy antiquarians who are now trying to make it appear that St. Peter was never in Rome—an immaterial issue to be sure—but anything to disparage Rome. In his *Lays*, entering into the full spirit of the Latin muse, he was as candid as when he pen-pictured the Catholic New-Zealander surveying, centuries hence, the ruins of London. Was this preface to compensate in some poor sort, for the offence of the pen-picture?

By the bye, as Simon inclines to think that borrowing enriches, it may interest him to know, if he does not already, that Lord Macaulay plagiarized the idea of the contemplative New-Zealander from Horace Walpole's private letters to Horace Mann. (The repetition of the word Horace in this connection may be remarked upon as curious.)

Niebuhr, in full accord with Horace, declares that the Roman poetry, *i. e.* metre, was Grecian, the words Latin.

Horace, the best authority of all, says the Greeks were masters of precision, but that their dramatic taste, in comparison with that of the Latins, was contemptible; that it was not the least honor of the Latin authors that they dared to desert the Greek footsteps; and that the Latin language was intrinsically as powerful as the Latin arms.

My argument is not that the English language is positively an ignoble language, but that it is so in comparison with the greater nobility of the Latin and the German. I admit, always in due degree, the intrinsic nobility of all the leading languages, and it is not material to the purpose to discuss whether the Latin language was or was not indebted to the Greek.

If I have shown some warmth in this discussion, it is because I have little patience with fashionable worship—even with the comparatively harmless worship of fashionable literary deities. We are

compelled now-a-days to see and hear a vast deal of flippant nonsense and solemn croning about English literature, steam, electricity and types; but we forget that the Augustan age of literature and the Christian system of ethics existed for all men and for all ages before these devices which falsify history, conquer distance, multiply luxuries and expedite gossip were thought of. We forget that there were brave men before Agamemnon, and we have those who aspire to be leaders in literature, who plume themselves on their scholarship, but who have yet to learn that the highest name in literature is that of a Hebrew prophet who, six hundred years before the Christian era, wrote poetry which in grandeur of thought and beauty of imagery has never found its equal, and in comparison with which the words of Homer, Horace, Goethe and Shakspeare are wanting in the elements of true nobility.

J. A. WILTACH.

What was Done in Six Days.

A widow sat in her solitude one stormy winter evening, thinking over her happy youth and her present desolation. The father and mother who had so tenderly cherished her were sleeping in the grave; the competence they had left her had vanished like vapor, in an unfortunate investment; and after that had fallen the heaviest stroke of all. Her husband, a brave and noble-hearted sea captain, had died in a foreign land, and left her with an embarrassed homestead and two little boys to feed, and clothe, and educate with her own weak hands.

Tears fell on the white hands that lay folded so helplessly on her lap, as she thought of all her early friends with whom she had played in childhood. They were prosperous and happy. Three of them lived beside her, and the contrast between their lot and hers appeared still darker. She began to imagine that she was forgotten or slighted by them, and perhaps forsaken of God also. She did not know that the blue eyes of one friend were often red with tears for her; or that other eyes, with yet stronger sympathy, were kept awake the long night with plans for her; and that her third friend was pleading with a careless, money-loving husband, day and night, not to foreclose the mortgage on her home. She saw the clouds that gathered about her prospects, but she did not see the sunbeam that was almost ready to dispel them.

The twilight grew deeper and the cold north-wind moaned more wildly without, when suddenly the door burst open, and her boys rushed in, rosy from the pond where big boys had been teaching them to skate.

Unwinding the warm red tippets from their necks and pulling the mittens from their benumbed hands, they began, both at once, telling her of their great success, and the kindness of the "big fellows."

When the light of the fire fell on the mother's face, Charley saw traces of her tears, and going up to her pressed her burning cheeks with his little cold hands, and asked, tenderly, "What ails you, mother? were you too lonely when we were out so late?"

"No, my dear," replied the lady, "but I have a heavy care on my heart to-night, and I could not help crying."

"What is it, mother? Can't I help you any?" asked the brave little fellow.

"No, my dear, not in this trouble; but as you grow older you can help me a great deal. I mean by-and-by to throw off all care and lean on you—that's when my hair gets grey and you are a man, you know, dear."

"I wish I was a man now," cried the boy, stretching himself to his full height, as if to anticipate the time. "But what made you cry, mother, dear?"

"Charley, you know there's a small mortgage on this place, which I had hoped to meet. But I can't do it, and I fear we shall lose our home. If I could keep that we could live, with great prudence."

"I think we can do it, some way, mother, dear," said Charley, passing one little arm tenderly round her neck.

"But, my dear, it is nearly a thousand dollars, and there are only six days left to raise it in."

"Six days, mother!" cried the boy, as his eyes brightened with hope. "Why, that's a long time to do it in! Only think what God did in six days, mother! He made a whole world, and I guess He can make that little bit of money in the same time!"

"I know He can, Charley, you darling boy; and if He does not see best to do it, and we have to leave our home, I will thank Him that He has left me my boys. I can bear any poverty or cares with you to help and comfort me, my brave boy; I will trust the God who made a whole world in six days, and believe that He will do what is best for us in this matter."

That evening the three early friends of this widow were sitting together at tea with their husbands, talking of her. The gentleman who held the mortgage which was to be paid in six days held tightly all he owned.

"Suppose," said one of the others, "we just divide that thousand among us, and let the family keep their home?"

The owner of the mortgage looked up and started. "What! give her the thousand dollars outright?" he asked.

"Yes, why not? God has spared us to our families, who might have been as she is to-night."

After a moment's pause the creditor replied, "Well, that plan never entered my head, while I've been wondering how she would pay it! It's an awful sum to give away, but I declare I'll give up one-third of it, if you two will pay the two-thirds."

His wife, whose heart was aching for her friend, was amazed at this sudden freak of generosity, and exclaimed, "Oh, I thank you more than I can tell, and I promise to save that sum for you in some way, this very year!"

Before "six days" had passed, that widow was in possession of her home, as well as having new faith in her early friends.

He who made a world in six days had, as Charley said He would, "made that little bit of money;" and—what was far more a miracle—He had drawn it easily from a heart usually shut against all appeals for aid.

When some great mountain in our path is to be levelled, and the time seems wholly too short for the work, let us remember this sweet boy's words of cheer, and take courage.

[We should rely on God in all our trials, however severe; and however distant relief may seem, He never fails those who trust in Him.]

A French Experiment.

A physician of Montpellier, in France, has lately been making experiments with fowls to see what effect wine, brandy, and absinthe would have on them. They took to the liquors as naturally as could be, and soon grew very fond of them. Two months devoted to absinthe killed the strongest cock or hen; those who more wisely used brandy died at the end of four months and a half; but those who loved the ruby wine lengthened out their days so as to die only at the comparatively mellow old age of ten months. It was found that under the developing power of strong drink the cocks' crests increased to three or four times their original size, and became fiery red, as the noses of old toppers come in time to bloom and blossom like the rose. In view of these experiments the *Pall*

Mall Gazette suggests the propriety of introducing the tea-pot into the henry in order to ascertain the truth or fulseness of the opinion that the fragrant herb is deleterious to men and women. A few experiments might also be made as to the effect of keeping late hours, and a number of well-selected cocks and hens might be taken out to a ball or the theatre, and not allowed to go home till the time when ordinarily they jump from their roosts to begin the labors of the day. This might be cruel, and would undoubtedly have a sad effect on the morals of the young fowls, who would be neglected and run vagrant in the barnyard while their parents were sleeping off the fumes of liquor, or at best chanting ribald and maudlin strains in their recklessness and debauchery. On the whole it would be better not to try such experiments as these, as drinking and late hours might become habitual among the birds, and produce blighted hen-houses and depraved eggs to such an extent as to threaten the very foundations of the once happy barnyard.

[From the "Trumpet."

Obituary.

DEATH OF A DEAR CLASSMATE OF THE ROYAL BUT BADLY USED FAMILY OF OWLS.

We are called upon, dear friends, to announce the sad death of our dear and much loved classmate, B. Graham, who expired peacefully in his peach-basket, Wednesday morning, May 22d, at about eight o'clock. We cannot refrain from giving a short account of our poor classmate and brother,—which we know would be interesting to those who watched with such care this little budding flower as it bloomed forth in beauty and intelligence.

He was found on the 15th by our sister, Miss F—, while, the latter was rambling through the woods robbing birds' nests and performing other benevolent deeds. He was ragged and hungry, and bore marks of ill-treatment. He was brought home, and attended to with all the kindness of a blood relative rather than a poor little adopted vagrant.

A nurse and ten Professors were provided for him. In a very short time his nurse saw that he possessed more than ordinary beauty. His hair, of a delicate bluish-gray color, hung in beautiful ringlets over his classic forehead, and his large intelligent eyes warned the Professors that they could not begin too early to bend his young mind to scientific and classical pursuits. Accordingly, they divided their labors. Professor K— was appointed teacher of the Higher Mathematics; Prof. B—, of Geology and Botany; Prof. D—, of Theology; Prof. F—, of Vocal Music and the terpsichorean art; Prof. H—, of Instrumental Music; Prof. M—, of Rhetoric, Elocution and Composition; and Prof. S—, of Harp and French. Besides these Professors of the more serious branches, Professors of the Fine Arts were also provided for him; Prof. C— taught him the art of Hairdressing, and Prof. W—, Gastronomy. With all these instructors, who took a deep and heartfelt interest in his progress in science and virtue, he improved rapidly. His adopted mother, Miss F—, gave us a glowing account of his progress when her heart was almost broken with sorrow at his loss. She said that he demonstrated with perfect ease and correctness the asses' bridge and the proposition of the sum and difference of the rectangle; that he could expound the truths of theology fully, and was a firm believer in "total depravity," especially in reference to those of the female persuasion. He could explain how the geological statistics do not put aside the truths of the Bible; could analyse a flower in five seconds, play Mozart's masterpieces, dance the Spanish Fandango, parse a participle in the four ways, tell the difference between the figures of orthography,

etymology, syntax and rhetoric, read Marmion in a bold oratorical voice, write a composition that would have astonished the Roman Senate; and, lastly, his fairylike claws produced the most thrilling music from the harp, while his silvery voice made the French accent delicious. Profs. W— and C— also gave a good account of him, although the former declared with tears in her eyes that the poor, delicate child was not yet up to his standard in the art of Gastronomy; but that wasn't his fault, poor thing!

Our deceased brother was laid out in the laboratory, his coffin magnificently dressed with choice hot-house flowers. Friends of the family arrived about two o'clock, and the funeral oration was delivered by R. D—. Then all proceeded in solemn order to the place of burial: first, R. D—, in solemn funeral black, and white neckcloth; next came the pall-bearers, who walked with solemn step and slow; next the parents of the deceased; after them the bell-ringer, who tolled at regular intervals; after these came the friends of the family, the First Seniors. Arriving at the grave, a piece of poetry was read; then R. D—'s solemn "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" warned us to take a last look at the dead. He was accordingly buried, and a neat headstone placed above him. He is gone, my friends; and, as has been previously remarked, we may never see his like again. In conclusion, a vote of thanks is granted to the following persons: R. D—, for her eloquent oration and imposing address; the bell-ringer, and, last of all, but not least, the Editor of the N. D. SCHOLASTIC for his touching obituary.

MANY of our readers will be pleased to hear from our far-Western friend, Mr. Gearin. The following letter is in response to an invitation sent to him to attend the Alumni Meeting:

PORTLAND, OREGON, June 25th, 1872.

VERY REV. FATHER CORBY—Dear Sir: Your very kind invitation to be present at the Alumni meeting to be held to-morrow is received. I am sorry to be forced to decline participating in this the first reunion since I became "one of 'em." But you see, Father, I've meandered too far to the West, too far from the scene of to-morrow's rejoicing to be able, though I would desire it very, very much, to be one of the many happy friends who are, even at this moment, exchanging glad salutations as they meet once more under the hospitable roof of dear (oh! how dear to me now!) old Notre Dame. I would be glad to be among you all to-night, glad to see old friends and visit old familiar scenes and places, glad to thank you, Father, and your coadjutors, for the many kindnesses extended to me, a most undeserving, and, I'm afraid, rather unthankful Alumnus. But it is willed otherwise; and the year that has elapsed since last Commencement Day has placed a barrier between us that, even in this age of steam, cannot be passed over at a moment's warning. Some one said I believe: "*Tempus fugit, et nos mutamur in illis*,"—or words to that effect. I believe the quotation is applicable in my case. This night last year I was at Notre Dame, inexpressibly happy (and, I believe, equally ignorant) to know that my school days were over, and I was at last free. How different now! Two thousand miles "as the crow flies," farther westward, in a different country, among a people entirely different from those I left behind, I'm experiencing some of the beauties of being "free"—in a lawyer's office. Yes, I'm a disciple of Blackstone, and I'm trying to extract wisdom from that venerable personage's incongruities under the guidance of Messrs. Mitchell and Dolph—a law firm enjoying an enviable reputation out here. Yet I can't say that I don't enjoy it, for I do, very much. Those under whom I'm studying are able and very willing to help me along, and my stay here is as pleasant as it can possibly be. And, although I know you would sooner that I had chosen a higher profession, I hope I have your good wishes, and they will be to me as an omen of success in the career I am to follow. I am very thankful for your invitation, though I cannot accept it. I look on it as an indication that I am not entirely forgotten, though far away—as indeed I had come to the conclusion I was. But I suppose

I am tiring you,—so I will quit, though I would much like to continue. With many good wishes for Notre Dame, and kind regards for yourself,

I remain your very sincere friend,

JOHN M. GEARIN.

The Tuesday Evening Entertainment.

Sitting down to rewrite an account of the Evening Entertainment—the original account having been lost—the writer hereof is not in the jolliest mood possible. In fact he is somewhat in the mood contrary to jolly. Such being the condition of the writer, the gentle reader will pardon any lengthy details and will be satisfied with a general notice of the things which transpired on Tuesday evening, June 25, A. D. 1872.

The number of persons who assembled to see things generally, and the Thespians particularly, was simply immense. At least six hundred persons who had failed to get the necessary ticket were outside the hall, while inside every inch of sitting, standing or stooping room was occupied either by a balmoral or a patch of broadcloth.

In this short account we do not intend speaking particularly of the Band nor of the Orchestra. We have, heretofore, on many and diverse occasions, had occasion to speak of the Band and Orchestra, and we have taken advantage of said occasions to speak in terms of highest commendation of the aforesaid bodies of musicians. To make our account brief, then, we here reiterate all that we have heretofore said, and agree *in toto* to all that anybody else has said in praise of these bodies.

To plunge, then, into the literary part of the exercises of Tuesday evening. Mr. Ireland—Tom—delivered his Greek oration in a very pleasing manner. The matter of the address was good, and it is a mystery to us why those two young ladies back near the door appeared to dissent from some of the youthful orator's sentiments. We but re-echo the opinion of all when we say that Mr. Ireland's oration was worthy of all praise.

The address from the Senior Department, by Mr. T. L. Watson, was one of the best English speeches made during the whole Commencement. The sentiments were good, pithily expressed, and handsomely delivered.

Messrs. Riopelle and Filson sang a duet from *Il Trovatore* in very good style.

Mr. Keeley's Latin oration was spoken of by all in terms of great praise. The matter, the style and the delivery were good, and the subject of much favorable comment.

Prof. Van de Velde executed a *fantasia* ("Sur Souvenir de Spa") on the violoncello in such good style as to be the recipient of an *encore*.

The oration of Mr. N. Mitchell, of the Scientific Department, was excellent. There are few persons who can write better speeches than Mr. Mitchell. All that he needs is more animation and life in the delivery.

The second part of the evening exercises consisted of the dramatic performances of the Thespian Society. The play of "Venice Preserved," by Otway, was presented by them. The character of *Belvidera*, wife of *Jaffier*, was changed to *Orlando*, his son. Of course much of the play had to be left out and many parts changed completely.

Mr. T. A. Ireland, *Duke of Venice*, made an excellent appearance. Mr. H. W. Walker, *Prüli*, was the character completely. His acting was very good. Mr. J. Wernert, *Badamar*, conceiving rightly his character, brought it out with great credit. P. E. Cochrane, *Jaffier*, although his *role* was very difficult, acted it with great art, entering with more life into the spirit of *Jaffier* than many who tread the stage are able to do. The same may be said of Mr. Watson, *Pierre*, who personated the character of the ambitious, fiery conspirator with great skill. Mr. Godfroy, *Orlando*, acted

his part excellently. Mr. Maloney, *Spinosa*, Mr. O'Mahony, *Renault*, Mr. O'Connell, *Elliot*, Mr. Zimmer, *Theodore*, J. McAllister, *Mezzana*, Mr. Rourke, *Durand*, were all commented on by the audience in terms of praise. *The Captains of the Guard*, J. L. Noonan and G. L. Riopelle, with their soldiers, made a very fine appearance. The play was well rendered throughout. The costumes, which were very fine, were furnished by Mrs. F. Kellogg, of Chicago. They were the finest ever in use at Notre Dame.

A farce, entitled "A Sudden Arrival," was to have closed the entertainment, but as the programme was long and the hour was late it was not played. This was a sore disappointment to many in the audience, especially to the students, who would have waited two hours longer to see Walker, O'Connell, Rourke, Maloney, Ireland, Wernert and Fitzpatrick in their comic characters.

As it was, the Thespians and all connected with the evening entertainment acquitted themselves with great credit to themselves and to the Institution. CRAMMER.

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Looking Back.

A retrospective glance upon the scholastic year that has just terminated cannot fail to give pleasure to the friends of the two Institutions of Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

On Commencement Day we had the pleasure of seeing many old students among the visitors, and we hope to live to see the numbers of those staunch friends returning to their *Alma Mater* greatly increased. This year they saw the completion of one of the most successful years. The number of students averaged as high as almost any preceding year, and the average standing in studies surpassed that of several preceding years. Much has been said in the SCHOLASTIC about the Literary and Religious Societies, and, among other things, some animadversions have been made that tended to compare them unfavorably with the Societies of years gone by. The usual grain of salt should always be allowed in such communications; no matter whether they are adverse criticisms from writers not members of the Societies, or favorable notices from members; and when this is done no harm can come from stirring up Societies even by exaggerating their faults and passing over in silence their good qualities, especially as the columns of the SCHOLASTIC are open for a reply. We can say, in truth, despite the criticisms on the one hand, and the perhaps too favorable notices on the other, that our Societies have done well this year,—and if a few over-sensitive members, not yet used to the rough ways of the world, felt provoked at what they considered partial criticism, the great majority took the matter easy and went on in the even tenor of their way, giving an occasional left-handed compliment to their rivals, and receiving the same in perfect good humor from them.

Of the music and drawing we can say but little from our own experience. We have heard the and our opinion of it is the same as was ex-

pressed by all at the exercises of Commencement Day and the day before—that is, that it was equal if not superior to the Band of any previous year.

The University Orchestra, when it did play, gave us excellent classic music, but owing to circumstances over which we presume it had no control it did not appear so often as the year before. Although the Vocal Music Class was good, it did not, in our opinion, equal the Class of '71.

Aside from the general success in the classes in the regular course of studies, and the excellent order preserved during the year, that which gave us the most pleasure was the establishing and successfully maintaining the *Philomathean Standard*. It had everything to secure success: talent on the part of the writers, good words and good deeds from friends, and a few hard knocks. It is of native growth, no hot-house flower, but a sturdy out-o'-door plant, expressly fitted for the climate of this region. The success obtained by this paper last year is a guarantee of success the coming,—at least it should be a powerful encouragement for the young editors to go to work faithfully and energetically as soon as they return from home.

"The Thespian Cadets" is another event to be referred to as a *fait accompli* in 1872. We need say nothing in their praise here, and merely refer our readers to back numbers of the SCHOLASTIC wherein to find the record of their achievements.

A glance at the Faculty shows that all the revered and esteemed Professors who have for many years endeared themselves to the students by the faithful accomplishment of their duties in the classroom were with us the last year. We are sorry that sickness obliged Prof. Regnier to return for a while to Belgium, and hope his health will be sufficiently restored to enable him to resume his duties next September. Coming now to

THE PRESENT,

we observe that everybody is busy preparing for next year,—that is, everybody now present, for many are absent. Professor Ivers impartially and mathematically divides his time between his *otium cum dig.* in his garden, and his *dig. cum otio* in the class-room, where he is inducting the minds of a number of teachers to higher flights in mathematics. Professor Howard we have not set eyes on since Commencement Day; but it requires no great powers of divination on our part to assert, with every probability of doing veracity no injury, that in spite of the warm weather (thermometer 99° in the shade,) he is busily engaged with his books, boys and bushes. Prof. Baasen we have heard from, with much satisfaction and edification, and hope he will again and again favor us during his stay in genial Wisconsin. *Per contra*, we have not a line from Prof. Tong or Prof. Stace. *Ou en sont-ils, ces messieurs?* (How high is that, Prof. S?—R. S. V. P.). Father Vagner, having scuttled his boat to keep it from sinking of its own accord, and having fully exposed the fallaciousness of the alleged dangers that were supposed to lie in the Dutch Gap, enlarged the sphere of his exploits and is now perambulating the breadth of central Indiana, where, we doubt not, he will leave not a stone unturned nor a plant unrooted until he finds out for himself all about the geological and botanical peculiarities of thereabouts. Father Colovin is making his *villegiatura* in Plymouth; and Father Condon is, no doubt, perspiring in St. Louis. As we write, Very Rev. Fathers General and Provincial are enjoying that ever genial clime of Wisconsin, in the thriving town of Water. Some could not resist the attraction of *la musique republicaine*, and hid themselves off to Chicago to be regaled with French airs. Father Carrier, with his stick and box, makes flying excursions to the country about, always keeping a sharp eye on the beautiful grounds of the Scholasticate. Father Granger considers this a warm season, and we agree with him; we record his opinion, however, because it is of weight, he being one of the oldest inhabitants,

and of course ought to know. Father Brown has not yet started on the trip we are urging him to take. Father O'Rourke has been kept at home by the no means agreeable visitation, the fever and ague. We occasionally see Prof. Lyons' coat tail as he hurries off to catch the next train.

The interior of the College is undergoing renovation; iron columns are taking the place of the old columns in the two study-halls. There is some talk of making an addition to our printing office, but as yet it gives no sign.

The long drought, though bearing hard on the surroundings of Notre Dame, has not destroyed the beautiful verdure, and though the grass looks wilted, the trees go in bravely still for the wearing of the green, and the greenest of the green. As we write, we see the leaves quietly waving, being moved to wave by slight wind coming from the direction of some dark clouds in the south-west, which are lowering and muttering—whispering thunder, and threatening us with a delightful shower. In the words of the poet, we could exclaim—and on second thought do exclaim—

Let the shower show,

and then everything will be brighter and fresher.

In conclusion we must observe that we have not embraced all our friends in the above; but as we must now retire, we end with the assurance that they are all pretty well, thank you.

St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Indiana.

We did not receive in time for the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC a report of the Literary and Musical exercises at St. Mary's, and we had intended to give a report of them ourselves in this number. This agreeable task, however, has not fallen to our lot; and though we would have been delighted to do it, yet we cannot but feel relieved and thankful when we consider that we had not to write it this hot weather.

We do not pretend then to give an account of St. Mary's Exhibition, referring our readers to another part of the SCHOLASTIC—but limit ourselves to a few remarks.

First, foremost and chiefly we remark that we were pleased, along with everybody else, that the programme of the day was not crowded with a multiplicity of songs, essays, etc., that would have obliged us to remain too long a time in the hall. Sweets pall upon the palate. Too much of a good thing can be given at a time. Hear ye, hear ye, all who have anything to do with the getting up of exhibitions! It is on account of the length of the whole programme, not on account of the want of merit in this or that part of it, that a prejudice has arisen in the minds of many against school, academy and college exhibitions.

At the Exhibition there was a judicious intermixture of first-class music and excellent literary matter that prevented anyone from getting weary and pronouncing the affair "heavy," "slow" or "commonplace," and which, added to another good feature to be mentioned shortly, caused everybody to feel as fresh at the end as they were at the commencement, and consequently in ten times better humor with themselves and everybody else, and even ask with Oliver for more. [But do not deceive yourselves! do not give more or you will spoil what had been given.] The other feature we alluded to, and which pleased everybody was the smooth, easy, cosy course of affairs from beginning to end; there wasn't a hitch in the carrying out of the programme—no delay between the various pieces. Nothing is more intolerable than to be kept waiting between scenes, or between what we have just heard and what we expect to hear.

We cannot speak too highly of the music of St. Mary's; but to speak of it in a worthy manner

would require a good musical critic, which we are free to confess we are not. We know, however, that the course of music at St. Mary's is thorough, and that those who receive the medal are required to be up to a very high standard. This we know also: that there are many of the pupils who have not yet received the medal, or who do not aim at reaching to such a degree of skill on an instrument and knowledge of the science of music as would entitle them to receive it, yet who are excellent performers, and can sing you a sweet ballad or a selection from an opera, with the splendid voices God gave them and which they have cultivated under the skilful training of their teachers. The teaching is thorough from the very beginning. In the lower classes those "tiresome" exercises the exact execution of which makes the playing of the difficult passages in the pieces which they afterwards learn in higher classes comparatively easy and almost like child's play, are not allowed to be hurried over that the pupils may play jerky little waltzes with the everlasting *tum-ti-ti* accompaniment. It is in the higher classes that the benefit of this thorough training in the lower classes is felt. Many a young Miss who has arrived at the Academy having quite a reputation as a musician, and who could rattle you off "The Storm" and the "Rigolletto" by Liszt, with little regard to time and expression—has been glad to turn back to her exercises and find her right place in the Fourth or Fifth Class.

The Drawing and Painting at St. Mary's is taught in the same manner as Music; that is, thoroughness is aimed at, and those pupils who go through, hit it. The present studio is too small for the demands of the class: but this is soon to be remedied, that is, next year when room can be had in the new building.

From the ornamental to the useful—or from the ornamentally useful to the usefully ornamental, from music to cooking, from the studio and conservatory to the kitchen, from the piano to the range, from the harp to the gridiron, or, in parlance polite, we shall now attend to the *cuisine*. We have heard of *la belle jardinière*. She will, we presume, be displaced by *la belle cuisinière*. At any rate we hear that the young ladies are to be taught the science of cookery. Now we have but little to say about that, but we will have our little say. We know, because we have seen it, that there is a splendid, spacious, high-ceilinged, well-ventilated, completely furnished kitchen at St. Mary's. Why, there is one important, though in itself an insignificant, tool, instrument or utensil, whichever may be the proper name, in that kitchen which will bake you forty waffle-cakes at a time. But we digress—which we would always do for waffles. We know then that every facility is offered in that kitchen to make young ladies adepts in the mystery and art of cooking.

As to the cooking, and baking, and pie-making, and steak broiling, and jelly cake making of young ladies at an Academy—well—well, really it ought all be nice, but we do not wish to let our enthusiasm bound away with us without a bit. That is, before we go in ecstasies over this, we would like to have a bit of something solid as a foundation to start from. There is an old adage,—whether Sancho used it or not we know not and care not,—it is true, which sayeth the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Now, when we shall have eaten a dinner of good soup—no matter what, except mock turtle; of boiled meats—a good roast,—say turkey and beef—with a number of side dishes equal to the number of *belles cuisinières*; with cakes, pies, *blanc-mange*, ice-cream and lemonade, we shall be able to write about this matter in a proper style and spirit. We do not say that we have doubts as to their success; on the contrary, we shall and do carefully refrain from expressing our doubts. But to show, we are in earn-

est and mean the right thing, we engage to supply the pickles.

Having refreshed ourselves in the kitchen, we again go into the Academy and make our last remark, which concerns the system of class arrangements and of discipline. Nothing at St. Mary's, either in class or in discipline, is left to arbitrary ruling. The classes are well graded, and though a year is the average time for each distinct class, yet no pupil is advanced to the next higher merely because she has gone through the lower, but only when she is fit for it. Neither is a pupil retained in a lower class the whole year when, during it or during vacation, her greater ability or more devoted attention enables her to go to the next higher.

As for discipline, the pupils know themselves the standing they have in the school. In the weekly distribution of the "points," when all who are of excellent standing receive seven points, should any one receive but six she knows the reason why; she can revert to the act by which the point was lost, and she knew at the time that she had lost it; and thus each week, until the end of the year, she can all along tell whether she is to receive first honors. If not she knows the reason, but may be sure of second honors, or third honors, or none at all; because they all depend not upon the behavior during a certain portion of the year—say towards the end—but upon the general behavior during the entire Academic year.

We end by again referring our readers to the matter-of-fact account of St. Mary's Academy, which, we are happy it is so, takes the place of one we would have written were it not so much better than anything our pen could have produced.

Classical Studies.

A number of students who have graduated in the Commercial Course will return next year to enter the Classical Course. In doing so they will display a great deal of common sense. We do not wish to be understood as casting a slur upon the Commercial Course. Far from it. We believe that every young man should first consider well what position he will fill in life and then make his studies bear upon this profession or occupation he chooses. If he intends following a profession let him study those things which will enable him to practice this profession well. If he intends becoming a business man let him be educated in those things which will aid him in his business. For a man to enter into a large commercial enterprise without any knowledge of the business is the height of folly. Now, a knowledge of business is obtained in two ways—by experience and by education. But even education at a college will not enable the young man to enter fully into a business. It will however give him a good start—taking the place of many years of drudgery.

And yet simply a knowledge of the forms of business, of the habits of business, of the laws of business, is not what makes the complet, business man. He needs more. He should receive the knowledge which is ordinarily imparted to the professional man. The grand old periods of Cicero should not be denied to him. The beauties of the classic authors should not be for the professional man alone. If there is any reason why professional men should study the ancients, the same reasons apply with the same force for business men.

Therefore we say that those young men who have gone through a thorough business course here—as thorough a course as is given at any Institution in the United States—do well to return and study the classics. They feel that

"In the world-broad field of battle
In the bivouac of strife"

they should

"Be not like dumb, driven cattle,"

but that they should

"Be heroes in the strife."

They feel that in order to be thus it is necessary that they should be acquainted with the great past—not in a general way—not with a confused knowledge of things and events and thoughts and opinions of those gone before—but with a thorough and intimate knowledge of the many mighty events and theories which swayed men's minds. They feel that they can obtain this knowledge only by and through those masterpieces of literature left us by antiquity.

St. Joseph Farm.

Some six miles east of Notre Dame is situated a vast tract of prairie land, purchased some six years ago by the authorities of Notre Dame. This tract of land lies in what is known as Harris' Prairie, and forms a body of fifteen hundred acres, all of which is arable land, though only four hundred and fifty acres are under cultivation at present, the balance being left for pasture to the large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep etc., which are constantly kept there to supply Notre Dame with meat all year round.

Every one here has heard of or knows St. Joseph farm. The Surveying Class has been there every year, under Prof. Ivers or Prof. Stace, to draw out the main ditch lines and the roadways that have since been established in all directions for the drainage of this vast body of land once considered marsh land, or for the easy and systematical conducting of the farm. St. Joseph farm was but a few years ago a forlorn section of country, which neither farmer nor land speculator would have thought of acquiring, and which necessity alone compelled Notre Dame to purchase, with a view to raise and fatten there the beef required for its consumption (!)

We had the pleasure of visiting this splendid farm a few days ago for the first time during two years, and its sight impressed us with the thought of those famous monastery and convent lands of old. We called back to our memory those lands which we have seen often in Europe round the walls of old abbeys, lands now stolen from the original owners who reclaimed them from marshy bottoms or rocky hills. We thought that the toilers on St. Joseph farm were doing over again, in precisely the same manner, the work which the much abused, sturdy monks had done. There were the endless fields of rye and oats and wheat stretching nearly as far as the eye could see, with their beautiful green and yellow hues; there the plain of corn, and just by the rich meadows of tame hay, mowed down by four or five machines (Bless the monks! we live in an enlightened age now). Here the stacks of scented hay; there the—what shall we call it?—the guard house, or relay house, or the meal house? Perhaps it answers to all these names, for there the meals are brought to the far-away harvesters from the distant and central farm house. All through the land, from the northern end to the southern, an abundant stream of water runs constantly, and is, we may say, one of the fine features of the locality. To this stream numerous inlets come from all directions, always at right angles, bringing each their little supply of water drained from the land along their course. The drainage is carried out in a most systematic way, and its success has been complete, for everywhere the soil is dry to the depth of four feet at least.

Some very fine roads run along the main ditches and render all sections of the farm easy of approach. Miles of such roads have been made, miles and miles of fences inclose the beautiful fields with their rich harvests and protect them from the hundreds of cattle roaming through the pasture land of the prairie. On the same farm

may be found hundreds of acres of peat, which is manufactured into fuel for the use of the College. Some 800 tons are made there every year, and the supply is inexhaustible for centuries to come. But thus far we have spoken of the farm without speaking of the farmers, which, to say the least, is not very polite. We will then pay those excellent people our compliments now.

The great feature of the farm establishment is not the house, though within its rather limited extent it contains much worth speaking of, but the large sheds and fine cattle-yards which are arranged on the most improved plans, either in their divisions or in their appurtenances. The whole arrangement evinces system and what is called business. There are many different buildings on the premises, some of which are occupied as dormitories by the hired hands. The main house, which is only a temporary frame building, contains within itself a fine refectory, a kitchen, a dairy, a pantry, dormitories, chapel, etc., all that is required for a community of religious. Bro. Matthew presides over the religious community, which is composed of seven or eight brothers. Some twenty hired laborers are constantly employed on the farms and are likewise controlled by the same director, under the general supervision of the stewards of Notre Dame, Bro. Lawrence and Bro. Francis de Sales.

We were highly pleased with our visit to Saint Joseph's farm, and have many thanks to offer Bro. Matthew, and also to Bro. Theodosius, the efficient majordomos whose hospitality will long be remembered by those who enjoyed it.

It's "awful" hot!

VISITORS arrive daily.

A GOOD shower on the 16th.

D. WILE paid us a flying visit.

PROF. TONG is absent on a trip.

THE big bell is occasionally rung.

THERE are no students in the Infirmary.

THE Catalogues are out, and being mailed.

PROF. D. CLARKE is at home in Columbus.

PROL. J. A. LYONS is occasionally at home.

PROF. M. A. J. BAASEN left last week for home.

FISHING parties have been very successful lately.

REV. FATHER TOOMEY, S.S.C., is at Morris, Ill.

THERE is considerable boating on the upper lake.

REV. FATHER CONDON, S.S.C., is now in St. Louis.

REV. FATHER COLOVIN, S.S.C., is at Plymouth, Indiana.

BRO. SIMON is hard at work in the Botanical Garden.

PROF. VAN DE VELDE left on a visit to the great city.

The College resounds with the noise of the carpenters.

THE Catalogues of the College and the Academy are now ready.

BRO. BONAVENTURE's garden looks beautiful in green and gold.

WE are ever so much obliged to the editors of the "Trumpet."

CRICKETS have organized several base-ball clubs in the play-grounds.

WE wish the Band would give us a little music after supper.

BISHOP DUFAL, of Eastern Bengal, is expected here in August.

The Church is progressing very satisfactorily despite the hot sun.

THERE will be an additional number of Musical Professors next year.

ALL the wheat around the College is harvested, and nearly all threshed.

REV. FATHER MAUGAY, of Wheeling, was at Notre Dame last week.

PROF. IVERS enjoys his *villegiatura*, and a little teaching at the College.

BRO. PAULINUS and his harvesters have been busy for some time past.

EXCURSIONS to St. Joseph Farm are now considered as "just the thing."

WE have received several new exchanges since the beginning of vacation.

A NEW road for carriages will be made around the upper lake this summer.

MANY visitors are come to Notre Dame,—as numerous as during the year.

LETTERS are received every day from students, who report good times at home.

THE boats are being painted over and overhauled in fine style at the shops.

CANNON was fired in South Bend last week in honor of the Greeley nomination.

GEORGIE GROSS and Dennie O'Connell are the acolytes in church during Vacation.

THE Scholasticate would look better were a little paint applied to the steeple.

THE Retreat of the Clergy of this diocese will take place the latter part of August.

VERY REV. FATHER CORBY is visiting several houses of the Order through the States.

A large number of students from Chicago are expected at Notre Dame next September.

SEVERAL musicians and amateurs went to hear the *Garde Republicaine* Band in Chicago.

IRON columns are put in the Study-halls and Refectories instead of the wooden columns.

EVERY night, bathers frequent the upper lake. They enjoy a good wash these sultry times.

THE 4th of July was celebrated in the usual style. Fire-crackers, roman candles, rockets, etc.

FATHER NEYRON is in Laporte, Father Jacob Lauth in Mishawaka, and Father Lilly in Lowell.

THE foreign deputies to the General Chapter of the Society of the Holy Cross are expected next week.

COULDN'T the students who remain here during the Vacation get up a little exhibition to pass away the time?

FATHER PETER LAUTH, S.S.C., has arrived safe in Luxembourg, where he has gone on a visit to his relatives.

WE were very much disappointed at the non-arrival of our friend, T. A. Flanagan, who was prevented by sickness from coming last June, as he had faithfully promised us he would. Come up in autumn, dear Tom.

A TWELVE horse-power engine, attached to the new threshing machine, is making quick work with the wheat.

BRO. BERNARD, for a number of years past director of the Academy in Lafayette, will leave in a few days for Ireland.

OUR "purp" is disgusted with the flies and out of sorts with the fleas. Though it is coming on dog-days he is not happy.

WE have never seen a neater Catalogue than that issued by the College this year. It was printed in the AVE MARIA office.

VACATION time is rapidly passing by. From all appearances the boys who remain here during the summer months are very contented.

REV. FATHER BOFF of Toledo, Rev. Father T. Sullivan of Laporte, Rev. Father Pitts of Monroeville, were at Notre Dame last week.

OUR readers in Montana will, we know, be sorry to hear that we cannot this summer enjoy a trip through the Yellow-Stone Basin.

THE Scholastic grounds are looking extremely well this year. Frère Simon's work is beginning to show itself to great advantage.

MANY of the old students write that they are making the most of Vacation time, and will be ready to study with a will next September.

PROF. T. E. HOWARD is happy in the retirement of his cottage on the avenue. We suppose he is hard at work on some future publication.

FATHER DROUELLE and others will be here from Paris in a few weeks to attend the General Chapter of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

STRAWS tell which way the wind blows. No they don't: there's a big straw-pile out in the field before the College, and it doesn't tell worth a cent.

SINCE the students have gone home, there has been little or no base-ball played at Notre Dame. Alley-ball flourishes apace. Who are the champions?

RUFUS McCARTY has been at Notre Dame since the Commencement and is reputed the Croquet champion of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan.

THERE are yet four Seniors, half-a-dozen Juniors, and nearly a dozen Minims at the College. Swimming, fishing and some studying occupy most of their time.

FATHER BAPTISTA, S.S.C., Procurator-General, is expected from Rome in a few weeks, and will be heartily welcomed by those who knew him when he sojourned among us.

THE Poem of the Alumni, which Prof. P. Broder, A. M., had promised to send for publication in the SCHOLASTIC, has not yet reached us. We hope that the Professor will gratify his many friends and hearers with the pleasure of reading his beautiful poem in our columns.

THOMAS EWING, JR., of '69, son of Hon. Philemon Ewing, of Lancaster, graduated in the Law School in Cleveland on the 3rd inst. We hear with pleasure that Mr. Ewing intends to establish himself in the neighboring city of Chicago, and hope to see him often at Notre Dame.

WE know that many of our younger readers will regret to learn that *Grimshaw* and *Bagshaw*, of the firm of *Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw*, are no more. They departed this life on the 27th of June. The inconsolable *Bradshaw* still *news-es* in the grove just north of the lower lake.

In our list of visitors to the Commencement we omitted, through that very common mistake by which one sees far away and is blind near, the names of some of our best and nearest friends, viz.: Mrs. Ivers and Mrs. Howard of Notre Dame, Miss Mary Redmond of Detroit, and Rev. A. Oechtering of Mishawaka.

PROF. C. A. B. VON WELLER deserves the special thanks of Notre Dame for the very kind part he took in our musical programme at the Commencement. We know the Professor feels always ready to answer the calls made on him by his friends here and that he takes pride and pleasure in doing his full share for the honor and glory of Notre Dame.

We forgot in our last number to speak of the delicious ice-cream given us on June 24th by the members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels. As everybody was busy preparing for the Commencement, a committee composed of Billy Meyer, Mike McCormack, Virgil McKinnon, Duke Weldon and Billy Breen prepared it. It was the best we have ever partaken of.

SAINT MARYS' ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
July 8, 1872. }

As the last number of the SCHOLASTIC contained no communication from St. Mary's, it is presumed that our many friends are anxious to hear a home-account of the Examination and Commencement exercises.

The Examination of the Classes was conducted in the usual thorough manner. The result was highly satisfactory: the average of notes ranged from 75 to 100. The premiums (ranging from 1st to 4th) received in each branch will inform parents and guardians of the standing of each pupil in her respective classes. The non-receipt of a premium in any particular branch of her class will indicate that the notes of the pupil fell short of 75.

Every year there is a marked increase in the average number of those who aim at excellence and show a more animated determination to reach the desired goal, graduation.

The Annual Commencement exercises, on the 26th and 27th of June, attracted, as usual, a large concourse of visitors to St. Mary's. They were indeed days of joyous excitement. The reunion of parents and children, the meeting of old classmates and friends, made the scene very cheerful. The glowing anticipation of honors and rewards, with the prospect of a speedy release from the duties of study and class, imparted to the pupils extraordinary vivacity, and every countenance was beaming with joy.

The exercises commenced at 10 A.M. on the 26th, with the reading of Essays by the Graduating Class. "Romance and Reality," by Miss H. Tinsley, of Chicago; "Open the Shutters," by Miss A. Clark, of Buchanan, Mich.; "Music," by Miss K. McMahon, of Chicago; "Hard to Please," by Miss J. Forbes, of St. Paul; "Good Old Times," by Miss Mary Dillon, of St. Mary's, were considered very fair specimens of composition.

Right Rev. Bishop Borgess honored the occasion with his presence, and highly complimented the literary efforts of the young ladies.

At the close of the essay-reading, one of the Senior young ladies read an address to the Right Rev. Bishop, expressing the regret and disappointment of the pupils at the fact that he had made an engagement that prevented him from being present at the exercises of Thursday morning. Little Rose Wile, of Laporte, then gave vent to the sorrow of the Juniors and Minims at not having the Right Rev. Bishop Borgess to admire their intended performances of the next day.

At three o'clock on the same day, St. Cecilia's

Hall was filled with the relatives of the pupils, together with the many highly-esteemed friends of the Institution who delight to be present on such occasions, and whose presence is ever welcomed by all connected with St. Mary's. In fact, the number of such friends is so rapidly increasing that the necessity of enlarging the auditorium of the Exhibition Hall is apparent.

The order of exercises was as follows:

PROGRAMME:

Oriental (Two Pianos)—Opus 92—(Ketterer)
Misses J. Hynds and M. Sherland
Song and Chorus from the Huguenots.....Misses Hynds
Tuberty, McMahon, Devoto, Prince and Kellogg
Polonaise (Weber).....Miss K. McMahon
Song—"Birds of the Green-wood"—(Wallace)
Miss M. Tuberty
Essay—"Attempts,".....Miss M. Kirwan
Song—"Una-Voce-Poco-Fa"—(Rossini),
Miss R. Devoto
Fantasia—"Belisario"—(Goria).....Miss A. Borup
Arietta (Stigelli),.....Miss K. McMahon
Essay—"Veiled,".....Miss M. Sherland
Polonaise—C^o Minor—(Chopin).....Miss M. Kirwan
Essay—"Keys,".....Miss A. Borup
Cavatina (Centemerie),.....Miss L. West
Capriccio—Brilliant—(Mendelssohn),
Miss M. Sherland
Essay—"Lady of the Lake,".....Miss L. Marshall
Song—"La Calesera Bolero Espagnol"—(Yradice)
Mdlle Marie Godbert
Fantasia—"Lucrezia Borgia"—(Thalberg),
Miss J. Hynds

The music, vocal and instrumental, was up to the high standard required at St. Mary's and elicited much applause. The essays were considered very fine by those who are able and impartial critics. These productions exhibited more depth and clearness of thought than is usually found in school-girl compositions, and gave evidence of very fine talents.

On Thursday, the 27th ult., at eleven o'clock A. M., the pupils entered St. Cecilia's Hall. This Hall had been enlarged and beautified by the addition of an elegant airy stage, 50 x 50 ft. The tableau presented by the pupils when, after gracefully saluting the audience, they seated themselves in tiers on the stage, was certainly charming. Simplicity of costume, combined with youth and grace, made the *tout ensemble* just what one would expect in a convent school. During the entrance and salutations of the pupils, the Entrance March (Mendelssohn) was performed, on harps and pianos, by ten young ladies. We give below the order of the exercises:

PROGRAMME:

Entrance March (Mendelssohn).....Harps—Misses
M. Sherland and K. McMahon; Pianos—Misses
Borup, Kirwan, Hynds, Clarke, Hurst, Spiers,
Todd and Plamondon.
Vocal Duetto—"Quale Assalto"—(Rossini),.....Misses
L. West and J. Hynds.
Distribution of Premiums in Junior and Intermediate
Departments.
Grand Chorus from "Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise,"
Vocal Class—Accompaniment, Miss M. Kirwan
Distribution of Premiums in Senior Department.
Song—"Nachtigall"—(Alieneff),.....Miss J. Hynds
The "Erl King" (Liszt),.....Miss J. Hynds

ST. CECILIA, QUEEN OF HARMONY.

CANTATA AND TABLEAUX.

First Tableau—"Grace at work in pagan Rome."
St. Cecilia.....Miss H. Niel.
Roman Ladies.....Misses Sutherland, Duffield
Addis, Todd, and Crowley
Chorus.....Vocal Class—50 Pupils
Solo.....Miss L. West.
Second Tableau—"St. Cecilia and Angel."
Solo—"Song of the Angel".....Mdlle. Godbert.
Third Tableau—"The Triumph of St. Cecilia."
Chorus.....Vocal Class.
Aria from "Lucia di Lammermoor" (Donizetti),
Mdlle. Godbert

"THE SEASONS."

"Rhapsodie Hongroise" (Lizt),.....Misses M. Sherland
and J. Hynds.
Conferring the Graduating Medals, Crowns and Honors.
Coronation Chorus (Rossini).....Vocal Class
Valedictory.....Miss G. Hurst
Closing Remarks.....
Retiring March—"Tannhauser"—(Wagner)
Pianos—Misses Plamondon, Lassen, Duffield,
Greene, Quan, A. Clarke, Logan and Goll-
hardt; Harps—Misses Sherland and McMahon

The Cantata of St. Cecilia was sung with fine effect; the tableaux introduced were very beautiful. Mdlle Godbert of Paris, an eminent vocalist, and Miss J. Hynds of St. Mary's, elicited great applause by their artistical rendering of several exquisite vocal solos. A number of the pupils of the Conservatory of Music give evidence of fine training. Miss Lily West, of Council Bluffs, gives promise of future excellence in vocal music. The distribution of premiums and honors was very interesting, particularly to the recipients, their relatives and friends. The conferring of graduating medals in the Classical and Musical Courses was the grand event of the day. These, as also the lesser honors, were received from the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, assisted by Very Rev. Father General.

We must not forget to mention that the Juniors fully redeemed the promise they made at the Commencement in 1871, of showing off their skill in the dramatic line, for they actually performed a whole play—all by themselves. This play was called the "Four Seasons." Miss A. Byrnes of St. Louis as "Grandfather Winter" was the embodiment of benevolence and patriarchal dignity. Her attendants "December Icicle" (Kate Lloyd), "January Jack Frost" (M. Ware), "February Snow-Flake" (M. Hildreth), and "Old Santa Claus" (M. Booth), acted well, but looked considerably out of their proper latitude. "Sprightly Spring" (M. Faxon) sustained her character well; "Blustering March" (L. McKinnon) gave the Seasons a puff; she and M. Faxon invoked the Muses in a most amusing manner; "Showery April" (B. Quan) deserved a shower of applause for the vivacity of her manner, and "Gentle May" (M. DeLong) was consistently amiable; "Sunny Summer" (L. Niel) gloried in the richness of her costume and luxuriance of her banquets—while her Maids, "Proud June" (E. Richardson), "Patriotic July" (K. Follmer), and "Indolent August" (D. Allen), nobly defended themselves from the sarcastic remarks of Miss Spring and her maids. "Queen Autumn" (A. Clark) looked queenly—and when surrounded by her court, "Serene September" (N. Gross), "Sober October" (J. Kearney), "Solemn November" (L. Tinsley), sustained her claims with remarkable dignity. The contentious spirit manifested at the beginning of the play terminated (thanks to Grandfather Winter) in a grand song and snow-ball, in which all the Seasons mingled in harmonious confusion. The prologue and epilogue, by Miss L. Harrison, were received with much applause. In fine, the Juniors each and all acquitted themselves so well that the Seniors will have to look to their dramatic laurels lest they be carried off by the energetic little Juniors.

While the Seasons were getting in rank Miss Minnie Quan read in a very pleasing manner an address from the Junior Department. This was a sort of valedictory from the larger Juniors, who expect to pass into a higher department next year, when the largest of the present Juniors will then form a separate corps under the title of "Intermediates." After Miss Quan had concluded her speech, little Rose Wile of Laporte spoke out in behalf of the Minims (the name given to the pupils under ten years old), whom, she avowed, were being "snuffed out" by the Juniors, but who, being an irrepressible set of little folks, would not

stay snuffed out, as Very Rev. Father General had taken them under his special protection. This Minim declamation was delivered in such an animated, earnest manner that the audience seemed disposed to cry out "Long live the Minims!"

The bestowing of crowns and the Coronation Chorus was followed by the reading of the Valedictory by Miss Georgie Hurst. "Excelsior" was the keynote of the composition; each of the young ladies of the Graduating Class contributed to the same. It was highly praised by the critics. It was read with so much clearness and pathos that many seemed quite touched by the beautiful and affectionate sentiments so beautifully expressed. Indeed such high encomiums were bestowed by the audience and the gentlemen of the press on the performances of those who took part in the Commencement exercises as will encourage the pupils of St. Mary's to aim at the highest degree of excellence. Excelsior will, as suggested by the valedictorian, continue to be the motto of those who present themselves as competitors for the honors of St. Mary's Academy.

At the close of the exercises, the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne congratulated the pupils and their teachers on the success of their labors, and spoke many pleasant words of encouragement to both.

Ex-Senator Dodge of Iowa was then called for. He made some very happy remarks, complimenting those who had founded and brought to such a high degree of perfection one of the finest female educational institutions in the country. He closed by saying some very facetious things to the young ladies. The honorable gentleman was greeted with a burst of applause.

The retiring march gave the signal for the grand *exunt omnes*. The pupils and guests then repaired to their respective dining-halls, where an abundance of edibles was provided for all. The number of guests could not have been less than seven hundred. The scene was truly animated.

But now the Academy is a classic hall deserted. Only twenty-two who have not departed. But these twenty-two give evidence of great vitality, for on the Fourth of July they made the banks of St. Joseph's river ring with song, merriment and oration. The summer-house on the banks of the river was handsomely decorated, and when all things were in order a committee of young ladies invited the Sisters and the visitors at the Academy to join in celebrating our glorious anniversary. Our national songs were given with much enthusiasm. Miss Rose Devoto then read a very patriotic oration which aroused every latent "Hail Columbia" sentiment in the hearts of both Old and Young America. Ice-cream had to be eaten to cool off the patriotic fires enkindled by this national demonstration. Since the fourth of July we must report "all quiet on the St. Joe." The larger pupils devote a few hours of the usual scholastic day to lessons, needle-work, and music; the balance of the time to reading and conversation. The little folks spend their time gloriously; enjoying ease and fun is their principal occupation.

The number of letters received from absent pupils proves that their hearts linger around St. Mary's with loving reminiscences. To one and all we wish a happy Vacation and promise a cordial welcome whenever they shall return to their academic home.

Respectfully,
STYLUS.

JAMES M. HOWARD,

[CLASS OF 1862.]

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LOGANSPORT, - - INDIANA.

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